

203

But the poem—we cannot leave that unquoted. The armada sails:

The army takes the road:

Thus wrote the friend of the Ancient
Mariner; and yet
the author of these lines had some ear for
the sonorous,
if he had small sense of the ridiculous.
Strange age of
poetry, when it was hardly decent for a
lady-noun to
stir abroad unlackeyed by an epithet, and
the right tone

remains so frigidly impersonal that a
possessive adjective
is hardly decent. 'Point *the* dire hiss and
swell *the* speckled
breast'—one would think they were two
different kinds
of games!

And did the poem succeed? To Dr.
Beddoes, as to
Achilles, Heaven granted part, and part
refused. He